

Miss Taft to Entertain at Theater Party at Belasco for Her House Guests

Misses Roelker, of New York, to See Play With President's Daughter.

Mrs. Lamar Is Guest of Honor

Japanese Ambassador and Viscountess to Entertain.

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By GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published.
After a lapse of hundreds of years, Allan Stern, a consulting engineer, and his stenographer, Beatrice Kendrick, awake from an unprecedented sleep in what is left of Stern's former office in the lower of the Metropolitan Building. Everything beneath them has gone to ruin and decay. The old city of New York is now a forest, and they are apparently the only two alive in the world. They procure food to cover their nakedness and food from glass jars which have withstood the ravages of time. Stern finds a spear head that indicates the existence of primitive human life.

CHAPTER XI. Eight Hundred Years!

SPOKE with a numbing anguish of fear such as in all his thirty years he had never known. Stern stood there a moment, motionless and lost.

Then he turned. Out into hall he ran, and his voice, re-echoing wildly, rang through those long-deserted aisles.

All at once he heard a laugh behind him—a hail.

He wheeled about, trembling and spent. Out his arms went in eager greeting. For the first time, laughing and flushed and very beautiful, was coming down the stair at the end of the hall.

Never had the engineer beheld a sight so wonderful to him as this woman, clad in the Bengal robe; this girl who smiled and ran to meet him.

"What? Were you frightened?" she asked, growing suddenly serious, as he stood there speechless and pale. "Why, what could happen to me here?"

His only answer was to take her in his arms and whisper her name. But she struggled to be free.

"Don't you mean to say, I didn't mean to alarm you. Didn't even know you were here?"

"I heard the shouting—called—you didn't answer. Then—"

"You found me alone? I didn't hear you. It was nothing, after all. Nothing—"

He led her back into the room. "What happened? Tell me!"

"It was really too absurd!"

"What was it?"

"Only this," she said, laughing again. "I was getting supper ready, as you see, with a nod at their provision laid out on the clean-brushed floor."

"When—"

"Why, a blundering great hawk swooped in through the window there, circled around, pounced on the last of our beef, and tried to fly with it."

Stern heaved a sigh of relief. "So that was all?" asked he. "But the show?"

"And your abatement?"

"I struck at him. He showed fight. I blocked the window. He was determined to get away with my supper. He determined he shouldn't. So I snatched the revolver and opened fire."

"And then—"

"That confused him. He flapped out into the hall. I chased him. Away up the stairs he circled. I shot again. Then I pursued him up the stairs. But he must have got away through some opening. Our beef's all gone!"

"Never mind. I've got a lot more stuff downstairs. But, tell me, did you wing him?"

"I'm afraid not," she admitted. "There's a feather or two on the stairs, though."

"Good work!" cried he, laughing, his fear all swallowed in the joy of having found her again safe and unharmed. "But please don't give me another such grain. Will you? It's all right this time, however. And now if you'll wait here, and not get fighting with any more wild creatures, I'll go down and bring my latest finds. I like your pluck," he added, slowly, gazing earnestly at her.

"But I don't want you chasing them in this old shell of a building. No telling what crevice you might fall into or what accident might happen. Au revoir!"

Her smile as he left her was inexpressible. But her eyes, strangely bright, followed him till he had vanished once more down the stairs.

Broad strokes, a line here, one there, with much left to the imagination, would serve best for the painting of a picture like this—a picture wherein every ordinary word, every common phrase, every man's society is shattered.

Where everything must strive to reconstruct itself from the dust; where the future, if you see, I've been doing a little calculating, off and on, at odd times. Been putting two and two together, as it were.

"First, there was the matter of the dust in sheltered places to guide me. The rate of deposition of what, in one hour, couldn't have been anything less than cosmic or star-dust, is fairly certain."

"Then again, the rate of this present deterioration of stone and steel has furnished another index. And last night, he had a little peek at the polestar, through my telescope, while you were asleep."

The good old star has certainly shifted out of place a bit. Furthermore, I've been observing certain evolutionary changes in the animals and plants about us. Those have helped us, too."

"And—and what have you found out?" asked she with tremendous interest.

"Well, I think we've got the answer, more or less correctly. Of course, it's only an approximate result, as we say in engineering. But the different things check up with some degree of consistency."

"And I'm safe in believing I'm within at least a hundred years of the date one way or the other. Not a bad factor of safety, that, with my limited means of working."

The girl's eyes widened. From her hand fell the empty gold cup; it rolled away across the clean-swept floor. "What?" cried she. "You've got it, within a hundred years! Why, then, you mean it's more than a hundred?"

food that accumulated along one of the walls. Stern shot what game he could—squirrels, partridges and rabbits.

Meat dishes, especially of solid gold, ravished from Fifth Avenue shops, took their place on the crude table he had without the ravages of time.

In the ruins of the magnificent store near Thirty-first street Stern found a vault built open by front and slow disintegration of the steel.

Here something over a quart of loose diamonds, big and little, rough and cut, were lying in confusion all about Stern took none of these. Their value now was no greater than that of any pebble.

But he chose a massive clasp of gold for Beatrice, for that could serve to fasten her robe. And in addition he gathered up a few rings and one-time costly jewelry which could be worn for the girl, after all, was one of Eve's daughters.

Bit by bit he accumulated many necessities, including some tooth brushes which he could use to clean his bottles, and a variety of gold toilet articles. Was his first consideration.

In the corner of their rooms, after a time, stood a fair variety of tools, some such as a hammer, a saw, a chisel, and a plane, and in some cases retentive. Two rough chairs and their appearance.

The north room, used only for cooking, became their forge and oven all in one. For here, close to a window where the smoke could drift out, Stern built a circular stone fireplace.

Here Beatrice presided over her copper, assayed and sauced from the little shop on Broadway. Here, too, Stern planned to construct a pair of skin boots, and presently to set up the altars of Vulcan and of Tubal Cain once more.

Each one, "thanked whatever gods there be" that the girl was a good cook. She assayed the engineer by the variety of dishes she marked, a concoction from the canned goods, the game that Stern shot, and fresh dandelion greens, all near the spring. These edibles, with the blacked and black coffee, soon had them in fine fettle.

"I certainly have begun to put on weight," asserted the man after dinner on the fourth day, as he lighted his fragrant pipe with a roll of blazing paper.

"My hearth is getting tight. You'll have to let it out for me or else stop such burrs. Those have helped us, too."

She smiled back at him, sitting there at ease in the sunshine by the window, with a nod at the glass jar with a solid gold spoon.

Stern, feeling the May breeze upon his face, hearing the bird songs in the air, felt a well-earned glow of health and joy such as he had never in his whole life known—the health of perfect digestion, the joy of accomplishment and the girl's near presence.

"Potted tongue and peas, and a bit of roast beef, and a slice of ham, and a bit of buttered toast and some cream for my coffee, and some sugar."

Stern laughed heartily. "You don't want much, do you?" he exclaimed, vastly amused, while he blew a cloud of Lakota smoke. "Well, you be patient, and everything will come in time. You mustn't expect me to do magic. On the fourth day you don't imagine I've had time enough to round up the ten-thousandth descendant of the creature cow, do you?"

Or grow cane and make sugar? Or find grass for seed, or sow some lawn, or grow plant, how, reap, winnow, grind and bolt and present you a bag of prime flour. Now, really?"

She pouted at his raillery. For a moment there was silence, while he drew at his pipe. At the girl he looked a little while. Then his eyes a bit away, he remarked in a tone he tried to render casual.

"By the way, Beatrice, it occurs to me that we're doing rather well for old people—very old."

She looked up with a startled glance. "Very?" she exclaimed. "You know how old, then?"

"Very, indeed!" he answered. "Yes, I've got some sort of an idea about it. I hope it won't alarm you when you know."

"How—how so? Alarm me?" she queried with a strange expression.

"Yes, because, you see, it's rather a long time since we've been doing a little calculating, off and on, at odd times. Been putting two and two together, as it were."

"First, there was the matter of the dust in sheltered places to guide me. The rate of deposition of what, in one hour, couldn't have been anything less than cosmic or star-dust, is fairly certain."

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"Indulgently the engineer smiled. "Come now," he coaxed. "Just guess, for instance, how old you really are, and growing younger every day? How old?"

"Two hundred maybe? Oh, surely not as old as that! It's horrible to think of!"

"Listen," he bade her. "If I count your twenty-four years, when you went to sleep, you're now—"

"You're now at the very minimum calculation, just about 824! Some age, that, eh?"

"Then, as she stared at him wide-eyed, he added with a smile:

"No disputing that fact, no dodging it. The thing's as certain as that you're now the most beautiful woman in the whole wide world!"

A Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of The Times.

Veiled Prophets Plan For "Ladies' Night" Fete

Miss Helen Taft will entertain a box party at the Belasco Theater this evening for her house guests, the Misses Roelker, of New York.

President and Mrs. Taft Entertain at Musical.

The President and Mrs. Taft entertained last evening at the last of the series of musicals which they have given at the White House. There were about 400 guests present at the musical which was preceded by a small dinner party.

Miss Ellen Ballou, pianist; Miss Anna Case, soprano; William Stuckies, at the piano, and Efrim Zimballist, violinist with the orchestra. The program which was as follows:

Impromptu—"Rosamunde".....Schubert
Scherzo op. 18, E minor.....Mendelssohn
Etude—"St. Olaf".....Hensel
Miss Ballou.

"Ich mochte schweben über Thal".....Lied
In April.....Charles Gilbert Spross
"The Silver Ring".....Chaminade
"Spring".....Hensel

"Prelude".....Wagner
Humoresque.....Dvorak
Hungarian Dance.....Brahms
Miss Zimballist.

Impromptu, A flat major.....Chopin
Etude F major, op. 25, No. 3.....Chopin
Valses B minor.....Chopin
Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 11.....Liszt
Miss Ballou.

"Sans Amour".....Chaminade
"E tanto e c'è perico il tuo".....Lied
"Ah, Love, But a Day".....E. Wolf-Ferrari
"Ah, Love, But a Day".....Mrs. H. H. A. Beach
Miss Case.

"Oriental".....C. Cul
"Zephyrus".....Hubley
"Liebesfreud".....Kreiser
Miss Zimballist.

Miss Julia Vall, one of the debutantes of the season, has gone to West Point, to be married to Mr. J. H. Holcomb, for the Easter hop at the Academy. Before returning to Washington, Miss Vall will spend a fortnight in Flushing, L. I.

Gala Audience Sees Mrs. Hemmick's Play.

A gala audience thronged the Belasco Theater yesterday afternoon for the performance of the play, "The Greek Pantomime," "On the Love of Echo," for the benefit of her pet charity, the Neighborhood House.

Among those in attendance were the Italian Ambassador and Marchioness Cusani, Mrs. Bryce, Mrs. Kish, Ambassador, Yousouf Zia Pasha, the Charge d'Affaires of Persia and the Charge d'Affaires of Greece, Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Robert McCormick, Mrs. Edmund Overy, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. J. H. A. Beach, Mrs. William Barrett Ridgely, Mrs. Murray Crane, Mrs. Slater, Mrs. Preston Gibson, Mrs. Wallach, Mrs. Helen Cannon, Mrs. J. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, Miss Yvonne Townsend, Mrs. J. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Arthur Lee, Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Jenkins, the Naval Attache of the French Embassy, and Viscountess d'Asy, Mrs. Richard Harlow, Mrs. Fremont, Miss Jessie Fremont, Miss Margaret Chapman, Mrs. Alexander Britton, Mrs. Charles Roughton Wood, Mrs. Charles Campbell, the Misses Perkins, Mrs. J. T. Mann, the Misses William Littauer, Mrs. Elkins, Mrs. Jack Biddle, Jack Siebert, Miss Siebert, Miss Kish, Mrs. J. H. A. Beach, Mrs. Jean Loring, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Poe, Captain and Mrs. Gulick, Mrs. Downey, and Dr. H. Kerr.

Senator and Mrs. Sanders Arrive in Capital.

Senator and Mrs. Newell Sanders of Tennessee have arrived in Washington and are guests at the New Willard. Senator Sanders was appointed by Governor Hooper to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Robert Love Taylor.

Mrs. Sanders was formerly Miss Corinne Dodds, of Indiana, daughter of Collins F. Dodds, at one time mayor of Bloomington. She is of wonderful personal charm and will be a welcome addition to the large social circle of the first kindergartens in Chattanooga. The first kindergartens in Chattanooga were organized by Mrs. Sanders, who has been its president for many years.

The four children of Senator and Mrs. Sanders are Mrs. James H. Anderson, Mrs. Walter R. Wright, Mrs. Ben M. Allison, and one son, Sherman Sanders, who is now in Australia in the interest of his father's business enterprises.

The patronesses for the one performance of the University of Virginia Glee Club, which will be given at the Columbia Theater Friday afternoon, April 28, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the Confederate Memorial Home Fund, include Mrs. Champ Clark, wife of the Speaker of the House of Representatives; the wife of the Democratic leader of the House, Mrs. Oscar Underwood, whose husband is an alumnus of the University of Virginia; Mrs. M. C. Williams, Mrs. Jefferson Randolph Kean, Mrs. J. Williams Henry, Mrs. Alfred P. Thorne, Mrs. Freney M. Rixey, Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, wife of Senator Fletcher of Florida; Mrs. William A. Jones, wife of Congressman Jones of Virginia; Mrs. Swanson, wife of Senator Swanson; Mrs. James L. Blayden, wife of Congressman Blayden of Texas; Mrs. George M. Stern, Mrs. Arthur Lee, Mrs. W. W. Finley, wife of President Finley, of the Southern railroad; Mrs. Dennis, Mrs. Lorton, wife of Justice Lorton; Mrs. M. Scott, president general of the D. A. R.; Mrs. Edward Munford, Mrs. Ralph Cross Johnson, Mrs. Samuel Spencer, Mrs. Virginia Miller, Miss Bessie Kibbey, Mrs. Lindsey Morehead, Mrs. Fanny J. Ricks, Mrs. Charles Carter, wife of Congressman Carter of Oklahoma; Mrs. James Davenport, wife of Congressman Davenport of Oklahoma; Mrs. M. C. Littleton, wife of Congressman Littleton of New York. The programs will be sold by a representative from each of the chapters of the Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. Genevieve Clark, Miss Caroline Morton, Miss Kitty Tennant, Miss Nell Fletcher, Miss Louise Pattison, Miss Nora Papper, Miss Anne Seymour Jones, Miss Lucinda Fennaker, Miss Ann Eliza Fennaker, Miss Grace Townsend, Miss Nanette Brundage, and Miss Helen Townsend. The young ladies who will represent the various chapters have not as yet been selected. At the conclusion of the musical program Mrs. Martin Littleton will give a short illustrated lecture on Monticello and the University of Virginia. Mrs. Howell Smith, president of the Dixie Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, is chairman of the executive committee; Mrs. Martin Littleton, of the program committee; Mrs. M. C. Williams, of the patroness committee; Mrs. Leigh Robinson, of the patroness committee; Miss Gertrude Patterson, of the sale of program; and Mrs. Marion Butler, district president of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, of the entertainment committee.

The members of the committees in charge of the Dolly Madison breakfast met at the Congressional Club this morning at 11 o'clock to make arrangements for the entertainment.

Colgate University Glee Club Arrives.

The forty young men who comprise the Colgate University Glee Club, of Hamilton, N. Y., arrived in town on Friday afternoon and are being extensively entertained. They have spent their spring vacation on a musical tour, of which Washington will be their closing place, and there concert here will be given in the ballroom of the Raleigh Hotel on Monday evening.

It promises to be immensely popular, especially among the younger contingent of society. A number of theater parties have been formed in several of the young ladies' fashionable schools, and among the patronesses are Mrs. John Hay, Miss Boardman, Mrs. Charles Hughes, Mrs. MacVeagh, Mrs. Nagel, Mrs. Frances E. Warren, Mrs. Hoke Smith, Mrs. Bankhead, Mrs. Charles Curtis, Mrs. Wesley Jones, Mrs. Champ Clark, Mrs. Oscar Underwood, Mrs. Albert Cummins, Mrs. Richmond P. Hobson, Mrs. James T. Lloyd, Mrs. Albert Burleson, Mrs. George Otis Smith, Mrs. William A. Mearns, Mrs. S. W. Woodward, Mrs. Charles Ray Dean, Mrs. Charles W. Peirce, Mrs. Martin A. Knapp, Mrs. Archibald Hopkins, Mrs. John B. Henderson, and Mrs. E. C. Harmon.

Japanese Ambassador and Wife Dinner Guests.

The Japanese Ambassador and Viscountess Chinda were the guests in honor of whom Senator and Mrs. Rayner entertained at dinner last evening. Senator and Mrs. Rayner are closing their Washington residence shortly, and will leave for their country home in Maryland.

The Spanish Minister and Mme. Riano postponed the dinner which they were to have given last evening until a later date on account of the White House musical.

Two social functions slated for the near future in the Diplomatic Corps are a dinner party which the German Ambassador and his wife, Mrs. von Bismarck, are giving tomorrow evening, and one at which the Brazilian ambassador, Dr. da Gama, will be host the following evening.

Among those from Washington on the Berlin steamer left New York today en route to Naples were Mrs. Agnes M. Wickersham, Mrs. J. R. Edmonds, and Mrs. Emma J. P. Smith.

Mrs. Albert Hale was hostess at a luncheon yesterday.

When Cook Quits

The housewife is independent if there's

Post Toasties

in the house.

This food is fully and perfectly cooked at the factory—ready for instant serving with cream and sugar.

Toasties are thin, crisp and delicately browned bits of corn—exactly fitted for an emergency, and also delicious and appetizing for any meal—

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers.

Made by

Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Pure Food Factories,

Battle Creek, Mich.

FOR LITTLE FOLK JUST BEFORE BEDTIME

The Sandman's Stories

THE SILVER TREE.

It was the twenty-fifth birthday of Prince Roland, so all over the kingdom the bells were ringing and bands of gay music paraded through the crowded streets. Yet, strange to say, though all was bright and beautiful, every face was sad. For the old king was very ill and the young Prince could not be persuaded to marry before his father died. When pressed by the king for a reason for being so hard to please, he would say that every night in his dreams he saw the face of the one whom he wished to marry.

"This one," he said, was living beneath a tree of silver, whose leaves were of gold and whose fruit was clusters of glittering pearls. So lovely was this face of his dreams that he would marry no other, and he intended to search for it the world over, even though a warning voice had told him in his sleep that to find his bride he must risk his life in a great danger.

So the king and the people were sad, for the next morning the Prince set out in search of his dream bride. Mounted on a prancing charger, the Prince rode into far kingdoms, but nowhere could he find the tree of silver with golden leaves. At last at sunset one day he came upon the ruins of an ancient castle with walls of silver and broken walls were crumbling and part of the garden had been washed into the lake by storms, yet in the twilight it looked like a fairy castle.

As the Prince was tired he tied his horse, then lay down on the marble steps of the castle. The moon rose and shone over the ruined towers and over the gloomy lake, and the forest of silver trees deep shadows. In its dim light the Prince could see a heaving of the water, then uprose slowly from the lake the huge head of a crocodile, which held in its mouth an immense diamond. The crocodile crawled up the steps, and on reaching the top caught sight of

Prince Roland. In an instant the Prince was on his feet, and drawing his sword, rushed at him, but the crocodile swung his tail around and knocked the young Prince to the ground.

Roland fell down the steps toward the shore, and before he could rise the crocodile was standing over him, opening its vast mouth to swallow him. But as soon as it loosened its hold on the diamond it held between its teeth the Prince seized the precious stone in his own hand to use as a weapon. Then when his hand touched the diamond, the earth opened wide and the beast was swallowed up.

When the Prince rose to his feet he saw that the waters of the lake had swept back and hung in a vast, gleaming wall of crystal around the shore, while the bottom was a beautiful garden of roses, where perfumed fountains played and gay birds flew from flower to flower. He walked down the winding path and presently stood before a tree that he recognized as the one he had seen in his dreams, for its trunk was of glittering silver, the leaves trembling in the breeze were golden, and the clusters of fruit drooping from its branches were of crimson silk was lying the lady whose lovely face the Prince had seen in his dreams. As he knelt at her feet she arose and took his hand, thanking him for having destroyed the monster who had kept her beneath a spell of many years. For the diamond, which he still held in his hand, was the magic stone by which the crocodile preserved its life above ground. To lose it meant that he must live forever in the dark caves of the underworld, with all his enchanting powers gone.

So the Prince brought home the beautiful lady of his dreams, and after they were married the big diamond was hung as a lantern over the tallest tower of the palace.

FOR TIMES WOMEN WHO WANT TO KNOW

What Is Seen in The Shops

BY THE SHOPPER.

A drug store on Fifteenth street is having a sale of bottles which are labeled so that no one can possibly mistake their contents. They are of a convenient and uniform size, so that they are really on ornament to the bathroom medicine cabinet, and contribute to its orderly appearance. The price, 25 cents each, is extremely reasonable.

Nothing contributes more to the summary appearance of the city house or apartment than furnishings of cretonne, which may be used to cover heavily upholstered furniture, and as hangings at doors and windows. A store in F street, at Twelfth, is having a special showing of these fabrics, both the domestic and imported lines, and much of it comes in exclusive patterns that are not shown by any other Washington establishment. The prices range from 12½ cents for the cheaper material to \$1.25 and \$1.50 for the hand printed block patterns in old designs.

As the spring advances almost every one and especially those who live in the suburbs are interested in gardening. An F street store, whose house furnishings department fronts on G street, net far from Twelfth street, has everything in this line to make gardening a fascinating diversion. The watering pots, trowels, rakes, etc., are substantial and are of the best material.

The first mentioned come in all sizes varying in capacity from two quarts to two gallons. The heavy duty type is coated with green paint and will not rust. Others are of galvanized iron, unpainted and therefore not as attractive in appearance, but just as durable and a little less in price. The six quart pots of green are 60 cents, and the galvanized iron of the same capacity sell for 45 cents.

WASH—Cleaned, Repaired, Est. 25 Years. 1125 Conn. Ave. Tel. N. 4100.

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437 Brass Beds TO BE SACRIFICED

The Simmons Co., largest metal bed makers in the world—output 5,000 beds a day—gave up their 29th street New York warehouse last week, and we bought every brass bed then on hand at our own figures.

At 35c, 50c and 60c on the Dollar

30 patterns we've never shown before.

Sale begins on Monday.

For details see all four Sunday papers.

W. B. Moses & Sons
F and 11th STREETS

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Give Me
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YES—
Times
Classified
Advertising?
YES—

Insert this Want Ad for me—Alright

This is the initiative. Benefit by the suggestion.